American Women Missionaries and Pioneers Collection

Part 1: Missionaries

The Irene Forsythe Hanson Papers, 1921-1980

Series I

Correspondence
(Incoming and outgoing intermixed)

Folder Description:

Form letters describing Hanson's missionary work and life experience in China,
February 1941–July 5, 1945

Box Number:	***Folder Number:***
3	35

范愛蓮

DEAR FRIENDS O'MINE: It is February and time indeed that many of you who were so wonderfully good to me on furlough, and have remembered me with letters, greetings, and prayers, should have some word from me. As impersonal and unsatisfying as a printed letter is, please accept this as my answer and appreciation to *you* for all, all.

THE TRIP ACROSS THE PACIFIC began with my sister and her husband, as a wonderful surprise, taking me by car thru California's towering redwoods to the boat at San Francisco. Many of you had a part in the marvelous send-off. There were many friends among the large group of returning missionaries on the "Taft" and the southern route by Honolulu was restful and delightful. We went to bed Wednesday night to wake up Friday morning as we crossed the International date-line. I came from Japan to China on boat manned by an Indian crew. Several high class families were returning to India on it. The fine physique of the swarthy men, the beautiful, artistically draped garments of the dusky women, who wore a large diamond in the left side of the nose, all gave a new interest to the trip. These, with people representing many other countries, and the great waves—we were in the tail of a typhoon for twenty-four hours—were in great contrast to the white passengers and crew, and very calm sea of the American end of the trip. One felt suddenly let down into the midst of the races of the earth.

THE UNEXPECTED COMES TO ALL and IT came to me in the form of a very unusual infection following a smallpox vaccination in Shanghai which I had to have to get a landing-pass for Tsingtao. IT put me in the hospital soon after arrival here, required a slow convalescense-during which I was not exactly' joyfully patient', I am sorry to say. After several weeks in the country IT sent me back to my warm room in Tsingtao, while its further complication of nerve rheumatism held me in its not too painful but very tenacious grip. But by the time this reaches you I shall be fully well and out in the villages.

GRATEFUL, GRATEFUL to be back in China—had I waited six weeks, who knows when I might be able to come. Grateful to pack up the extra supplies to be sent out to a refuge to be used "in case", to pack again the country luggage, and to see the old familiar fields and villages fly past on the train. Grateful to come to another NEW village-OLD in centuries and proud with its official gentry of old Peking-but newly opened to the King of Kings. Grateful to hear, as Mrs. T. walked with us the mile from the station, how the Holy Spirit of God had, by devious ways, led to the opening of this place.

HIS TRUTH IS INVINCIBLE, the Christian truth, which she had learned in her childhood. It had all but been forgotten through the years of Mrs. T.'s marriage into a non-Christian home, in an entirely non-Christian village, as she had to burn the paper and worship before the idols at the command of her mother-in-law, a member of a very strict vegetarian sect. Occasionally a remembrance of Jesus, the Christ, returned to her but with it came the thought that to believe in Jesus and to worship the idols was to commit the greater sin, so she went on until the mother-in-law died.

She, then, had a new desire to become a Christian but had no opportunity. One day her husband had business in a somewhat distant village, and, overhearing a conversation, learned that there was a church there and on what day the pastor was expected to come. That was her opportunity, so both she and her husband walked there on the appointed day, were baptized, and came home to tell others.

A Christian student married into this family, returned to this ancestral home after the war began. The witness of Mrs. T. gave her courage to speak out.

A beautiful, charming, young wife, because of separation from her husband since the war, also returned to this place, desolate in spirit. Her first interest in Jesus was only as a possible relief from her sorrow. So, from all directions, inspite of and because of trouble, here was a small group of believers in that old, conservative, wealthy family, bristling with its pride of reputation and bitter in its persecution of The Christ.

Our first visit was to them. We saw The Holy Spirit carry them on farther to a recognition of their own personal sin and an experiencing of His forgiveness. You would have loved the young educated wife as she told us of her deep heart-searching, her first discovery of sin in herself, then of her complete surrender of her all to him. The thoughtful kindnesses, born of a new love to God were showered on us. We felt again humble, but most grateful to have seen the outward result of that silent, ever mysterious miracle of a soul coming in touch with God.

Recent letters tell how, as a definite answer to prayer, they had gotten through the first New Year without the ancestral worship and with a mimimum of perecution.

K'ANG CHIA CHUANG is old, in contrast-fourteen years old! We had the aged feeling of being grandparents! The now good-sized boys and girls were babes in arms when we went for the first opening of this village. Three older people were the first and only believers. Then the Crowds filled the borrowed temple to hear the new religion and to see the foreigner. Through the years we have seen them go through conversions, increase in number, spiritual growth, the erecting of a temporary church, and the recent increase until now they have a good number of influential men and the church has been given the responsibility for a large community school. Their next aim is a real church building.

Elder Kwo is a witness to the whole village to the fine Christian character produced by the daily consistent obedience to our Lord. A young man, formerly an atheist and most antagonistic, has recently believed, and before the great crowd of his own people frankly talked of his past sin and Jesus' power to save. With this group we felt that we understood a wee bit John's saying", Greater joy have I none than this, to hear my children walking in the truth".

DEEP POVERTY AND OVER-FLOWING JOY describes Mrs. K'ang. Her husband formerly treated her badly, but after she became a Christian, he drove her from the home, with very few possesions, eight years ago, to live in a cold, unprotected room on the threshing-floor. Only because of her brother's influence does he give her a little grain to live on. This year it was less than before, but *you should see her face.* It fairly glows with a joy and peace not of earth and she is over-flowing with praise and thanksgiving to God. In her empty, cold room she reads her Bible and sings. She prays daily for everyone she knows or has ever heard of (some of you are in her heart) and for villages far and near. The Master someway has always met her needs. Such joy does not come from circumstances; such as hers would have led many to suicide. She has found a joy apart from them-a joy in God. Such fullness of life and joy touches other hearts; it did mine and I felt ashamed beside her.

FOUR GENERATIONS - ONE FAMILY OF FORTY PERSONS all live together in Mr. Hu's home. He is one of the new Christians and his family one of the most wealthy and important there. He showed us the bean-oil presses and business rooms, the day we spent in his home. All of the women, from the old grandmother down, gathered in the guest room before and after dinner. What a day is was with time to carefully explain all to them. New hearts were surely opened to Him that day. We came away at dusk, to a world white with new fallen snow, and breathed a prayer that it might be a symbol of the hearts in that home. Recent news is that they, too, did away with the ancester and idol worship. That is a tremendous step. May the inner reality be as great!

CHRISTMAS IN THE VILLAGES always brings a special joy if the members of the Christian group have a deepened sense of its meaning or if numbers of non-Christians hear the age-old story for the first time. Both things happened that day in K'ang Chia Chuang. The day, already glad, ended with a dinner given by the Board of Directors of the school.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH must soon be called a Young People's Church for the children are growing up. The church building, made possible by your gifts has been bought. Sudden high prices made building impossible. While this building is not ideal, in many ways, at least, Jesus has a home (as the children say) there, owned by the church. Since the aged Elder had to leave them they are taking the responsibilities seriously. The young Deacon-18 years old-walked two days for instructions about roof repairs and other matters, then walked back the two-days trip.

In the absence of an adult leader, they take turns leading the services. The boys, only, attend the nightly prayer meeting, unless the girls can persuade some unbelieving parent to act as chaperon. The oldest young woman is carrying on a small school. The last letter reports their raising $19 toward the roof repair. That was just after New Year so that means that their precious New Year gifts have been contributed - love gifts for the King.

"DRIPPY" HAS BEEN SOLD. Because of the deterioration and the political uncertainty it seemed best to sell the beloved wreck. The proceeds a little more than covered the storage bill! A Chinese acquaintance bought it and spent several hundred on its repair, but said that driving it made him feel too conspicuous! It is not yet soundless. Funny! one day in bed I thought I heard it on the street It was "Drippy" I wish my spiritual ears were that keen to recognize The Master's voice.

PAUL FAN IS A JUNIOR THIS YEAR. Grilling study, with untiring perseverance in the face of difficulties and testings, wholesome recreation, opportunities to witness for Christ, and good friendships are all having a part in the making of a 'Paul'. America has not spoiled him; the fine spiritual consecration and keenness have deepened through the years.

"I am almost grieved to death whenever I think of the millions of Chinese in various parts of China facing starvation". "I thank God for His graciousness to me. May God use me to do His work and to follow Him step by step." "Oh! how wonderful prayer is! Only prayer can change things, although it takes a long time before we get to understand the Lord's purpose and plan. We should pray with great courage. Some things may happen to us, and although we do not think they are good for us, that is the time God wants us to learn some new lessons and put what we have learned into practise," he writes.

ANOTHER VERY LARGE MARKET CENTER CALLS to be opened and a woman there is ready to take the responsibility and to let us live in her home. In the village where we were bombed some years ago, the seed tho belated, has come to life and there is a group of new believers waiting instruction. Satan may thwart but cannot overcome the Power of God's word. Many new places over the field are most promising. Our area is comparatively fortunate, but even so by Spring there will be numberless families without food. The gold exchange for here has been around twelve to one but prices are sky-high. Relief is being given as much as is possible.

LIFE COMES FROM DEATH, was true when five people confesed Christ as Saviour at the funeral of Betty Fisher Ekvall out near the Tibetan border, when Bob, her husband, had to, all alone, witness her death, prepare her for burial, dig her grave, preach the funeral sermon, and bury her - all himself. What a blessing in these days of rampant futile death that hers could have such a rich present reward to comfort the living.

HIS BANNER OVER ME IS LOVE' describes the days of illness. Why should I have such a warm sunny room, loving care, and medicines, while thousands over the world suffer in such terrible conditions? I had a pot of "mei hua, the fanous Chinese winter flower - a grafted dwarf plum. Lovely double white rosettes covered

the bare branches like puffs of snow just when the ground was white outside. Signe E. Larson's "Christus Victor" with its unflinching courage helped me more than one.

"LORD, TAKE AWAY THE TRIAL", I found myself wishing—praying more than once. Then I realized that is the common reaction to any situation or individual, even, that does not please one—the craving for release. The crude non-Christian expression of it one hears in, "OH! that I were dead". If there is another person involved, "Let one of us die, either you or I, then all will be all right." Jesus gave the more refined expression of the same thought when the Greeks came with their welcome and the temptation to leave the hostile Jews, to go where He would be appreciated, and thus avoid the Cross. He said, "What shall I say Save me from this hour?" (Take away the Trial?). He immediately answers the question with "Glorify Thy Name". Life has a higher motive than present ease. Somehow it is not always easy to pray sincerely, 'Glorify Thy Name in this situation, no matter what it costs me personally'. It is so much easier to ask for the more comfortable way.

"NONE BUT I MAKE MUCH OF NOUGHT" (Thompson, *The Hound of Heaven*) It was a bumbling - so good - experience, when I was unable to go to a Bible class in which I had hoped to be of a little help, to realize that I was not at all essential and that the class and the world went on quite the same. I found that I had taken health and going to the villages quite for granted—held a bit common, perhaps. I realized again that to be allowed to be used for Him is a gracious privilege bestowed on us, and that even after we have done all that we can, that we are still 'unworthy servants'. I had to kneel again and humbly ask for a regranting of these favors from His Hands.

THOUGH THREE ARE NO FIGS, GRAPES, OLIVES, herds, nor flocks Habakkuk says sublimely, 'yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy on the God of my salvation'. Our problems and trials may not be literal figs and olives; we may substitute our own personal ones but the source of the praise and the joy is unchanged. Then there is the promise of being enabled to walk on treacherous paths with hind's feet—the feet of the mountain goat—sure on the dangerous trail and the dizzy heights. The heights are dizzy enough these days. May we find God, Himself, the source of joy and of that enviable security.

CHRIST CALLS US AS CHRISTIANS TO 'EXCEED'. 'Except your righteousness shall EXCEED the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven'. Do those of us who bear Christ's namr EXCEED nonprofesors in love, fairness, sympathy, graciousness, and loveableness? Are these not proofs that we are now eperiencing the present 'Heaven in the Heart'? Self - effort can not make it; it must come from the spontaneous outflow of His Resurrestion Life within us. If we all EXCEEDED in these would not Christ be more attractice to those who do not know Him?

WHAT NEXT? SECOND CORINTHIANS TEN, SIXTEEN, the first sentence, expresses what I surely feel to be HIS future way for me. 'Our sufficiency is of God'. You will recognize a call to pray. Thank you all.

Yours for His Glory, Sincerely,

IRENE EORSYTHE
6 TSI YANG ROAD
TSINGTAO, CHINA.

FEBRUARY 1941

CABLE ADDRESS "INCULCATE, NEW YORK"

TELEPHONE WATKINS 9-2000

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
156 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

(F. Irene Forsythe)
(Of Tsingtao, Shantung, China)
September 17, 1942

Dear friends:-

War with Japan, months of isolation from you, the repatriation boats - S.S. "Conte Verde" to Africa, and the M.S. "Gripsholm" to New York and your wonderful letters on arrival, each demands a volume of description. The inertia of eight months of not writing, the busy days after arrival, the desire to rest before plunging into many activities, and the huge task of writing all that I want to about the events of these months have had one result - no letters at all. I have the hope of seeing you eventually. That too adds to my lethargy because I would so much rather talk to you. However with the untertainty of the future and the almost sure delay of the hoped-for visit, perhaps a letter may allay your worries and answer some of your questions, at least the immediate ones.

On arrival in New York the Board advised a three-month rest for all returning missionaries before getting into definite work. Health considerations come first. For me it seemed best to wait a few weeks before the physical examination. Where and when I am to go for it will be decided by the Board doctors. The possible return to Oregon and the future location by the Board will also be decided after this examination. In the meantime some China friends have invited me to rest with them at Brant Lake, N.Y., at a most beautiful summer estate in the Adirondacks. No place could be more perfect. The beauties of the fall coloring, the vistas of mountains, lake, and pines, the boating on the lake, and the restfulness of the utter quiet, all seem a dream compared with the last months. It is another world. I wonder sometimes which is the dream - the carnage, war and suffering, or this. I pray that the inspiration of this beauty-spot may give added strength for the world which I know all too well is not a dream. I will write again when plans are certain but until then the address of the Board above will always reach me.

THE WAR WITH JAPAN caught me while I was in my home in Tsingtao. It was contrary to my former plan of staying in the villages, where I had money and supplies, for the duration of a possible war, but it turned out best after all. Japanese soldiers brought previously-printed regulations to us for our life as house-prisoners, just as the radio was telling of the Pearl Harbor bombing. Japanese soldiers guarded our gates. All cars and radios and telephones were taken away; houses were inspected; and we were put under arrest. Servants could buy food for us and, because of the foresight of the Mission executives, we had necessary funds. All visitors were prohibited but some Chinese friends did come in at great risk. The high schools were taken over without a word to us; the Mission chapels were closed and all churches were forced to join a Japanese government-initiated and controlled church federation.

We could not enter other homes and could leave ours only by a pass or military permit. After a month our American passports were taken and we were given a Japanese pass and a white cloth armband, bearing a black letter "A." Then we were permitted to be on the street from 12 till 3 P.M. The guards left our gates after the first few weeks but we were secretly watched. As Miss Fan was ill at my home at the time and was permitted to stay, I had her companionship. My apartment joined that of Mr. and Mrs. Romig so we were happily situated. The days were filled with Chinese study, typing and music practise, with walks on the street for exercise and news-gathering. In the evenings our "family" read aloud, sang through several song books and played Chinese checkers.

We were comparatively fortunate and had courteous treatment, considering that we were at war. There was a continual emotional strain and uncertainty. We never knew what each day might bring. Several of the leading business men and two missionaries were put in prison. A few others were arrested and released from time to time, so we were never free from the possibility of such an experience. In other places, Americans suffered severe physical mistreatment and have not yet recovered from their injuries. We had frequent rumors of threatened concentration camps but we were graciously spared. We are deeply grateful for the Master's care those days.

THE RETURN TO AMERICA was a surprise for we fully expected to be in China for "the duration." Since we were unwelcome residents, the Japanese authorities wished us to leave, and our presence was increasingly embarassing for our Chinese friends. We were becoming dangerous burdens to them. None of us were able to carry on any Mission work. So on the advice of my doctor and the Mission authorities, I requested repatriation, as did the rest of the Tsingtao Station. The keys of my home were turned over to the Japanese military upon my departure. We, prisoners, were escorted to the boat after six months of internment, on June 8th. We were forced to carry our heavy luggage on to the boat although there were numerous porters. To record this indignity photographs were taken as the baggage was carried up the narrow coolie gangplank, which did not have the usual railing or safety net underneath. In Shanghai we were among the 400 odd other prisoners from the North and Central China area, most of whom were forced to leave. We lived in the Columbia Country Club in cot-packed rooms and began our months of life in queues.

HOMEWARD BOUND. The S.S. "Conte Verde", an Italian luxury liner, sailed June 29th from Shanghai. It was a strange trip. We traveled for 81 days, the equivalent of 2/3 of the way around the world, in Italian and Swedish ships, in the custody of the Swiss government. We covered 18,000 miles with only two landings and were entirely cut off from the news of the world until we reached Africa. We crossed the equator twice and passed through five seasons, leaving Tsingtao in early summer, finding tropical heat in Singapore, autumn in Sumatra, and winter in Lourenco Marques. In the "Roaring Forties" (forty degrees south latitude) and around the Cape of Good Hope (to which we gave wide berth because of reported trouble) we wore winter clothes and fur coats. Again we had spring in Rio de Janeiro, and late summer in New York. There was an historic concentration of the entire Far Eastern diplomatic corps plus business people and 507 missionaries on the two ships that left the Far East. The Japanese boat the S.S. "Asama Maru" took the repatriates from Japan, Korea, South China and Thailand, the S.S. "Conte Verde" took those from North and Central China. The two ships met at Lourenco Marques, where 1500 people were crowded on to the M.S. "Gripsholm" which ordinarily carries about five or six hundred passengers. The trip on the S.S. "Conte Verde" was pleasant in spite of the water scarcity and the rather poor food. Three excellent daily concerts by the splendid orchestra were unique and thoroughly enjoyed.

AFRICA. As we entered the harbor at Lourenco Marques we saw the first American flags and the American ships there welcomed us with continuous blowing of "Victory" signals. We had a few days there, rode through the African bush, saw some of the native life of the Bantu tribe, and the modern port development of the Portuguese.

RIO DE JANEIRO. This stop was short but we saw much of the great southern city. We neared the bay as a marvelous sunrise slowly revealed the fantastic skyline and lighted the tall statue of Christ, which towers over the city from its highest peak. The rising sun gave us a swiftly changing panorama of the island-dotted harbor. We left the second day in a flaming sunset. The flood-lighted statue of Christ in the darkness of the mountain was silhouetted against the colored sky. Then through the fading light the brilliant stars of the Southern Cross came out. In that marvel of color our thoughts carried the prayer that Christ and His Cross be truly lifted up and illumined in men's hearts.

THE BURNING SHIP. Somewhere opposite the Caribbean Sea we saw the floating part of a ship, and then at dusk, the burnt-out, smouldering, glowing hull of what was said to be an Axis submarine dry-dock that had been bombed. Black clouds hovered over it and as our boat completely encircled it searching for any sign of life, all hearts were tense. It was deserted, so we left it - a picture of utter desolation and destruction. Grim death which had followed us silently around the world had shown its head.

HOME AGAIN. Excitement and expectation ran through the "Gripsholm" the last few days and was climaxed on August 25. About 4 A.M. Coast Guards took us over. Blanket-wrapped passengers dashed from deck to deck, saw the great orange moon sink into the bay, and the planets fade from sight, while waiting for the first sightof New York to come out of the gray dawn. First there were a few lights and ships and a dim shoreline. By the time for quarantine inspection, the Statue of Liberty and the skyscrapers were dimly visible. A newspaper said we looked like a lighted Christmas tree coming up to the Jersey shore. (We were brilliantly lighted all of the way so there could be no mistake.) Just at the height of expectation of landing we were told of the examinations by the F.B.I., Army, Navy and State Departments which might delay the landing several days! So, we settled down to wait. The first night we saw a New York utterly blacked-out, also the eclipse of the full moon from the deck. It was a trying wait for those on the dock but eventually by the third day all were off.

LETTERS-WELCOMES. I received them when I reached the Board rooms. It was then that I felt that I had really reached home, not just arrived at another port. Thank you for your part in bridging the lonely gap and making it a real home-coming.

Yes, the Chinese Christians are carrying on. War may test but cannot quench the unconquerable Life of Christ in the human heart. They are hoping for our return and I plan to go back. We had two days of most stirring conference with the Board in New York. Praise God for the radiantly victorious vision of the future as shown in the vote of the General Assembly to send out 500 new missionaries after the war. The policy of conserving the missionary force and preparing new recruits for the great opportunities which will be after the coming of peace show unwavering faith. Till then, whether in China or in America, Christ is needed by all.

Still your China representative,

Irene Forsythe

" BECAUSE HIS SMILING FACE HELPS ME, I SHALL YET PRAISE HIM" Ps. 42;5 Chinese Translation

1720 - Ist Avenue
Bradenton, Florida
December 7, 1942

Dear Friends and Co-workers For China:

On this anniversary of Pearl Harbour and of my six months of imprisonment here I am in Florida wishing you a "Merry Christmas". What next? Florida's constant warm sunny days and the sight of shrubs covered with flowers; of orange, grapefruit, lemon , and papaya trees laden with fruit; of poinsettas growing outside four to five feet high , with heavy foliageand enormous red blossoms; and of tropical silhouettes of numerous , palm and bamboo tress, all seem very strange and utterly foreign to our customary Christmas sur roundings.

The sudden cold in New York in November urged my immediate obedience to the doctor's order to spend the cold months in a warm climate, with the hope of being able to sun out the last lingering traces of my China infection of over two years now, and which is made worse by cold. Each day as I sun I am gr ateful for my sunny room(The Lord's bargain) and for the sunporch, and pray that the healing of sun, rest, and vitamins will bring an iron-strong, cold-resisting body, ready for the China-return at the first opportunity.

Reading the Chinese Bible and a Chinese daily newspaper is lest I forget some of the complicated, fascinating language anf to keep up with the ever-changing modern vocabulary. Opportunities to do promotion work for the Board and to speak for China also add inte rest to the days. The cordial welcome of Dr. andMrs. Stroh, a former Moody professor and wife, and Harriet , a Moody and China Missionary friend, has been wonderful and lessened so much the ke onness of the lone road down here. Bradenton calls itself 'The Friendly City' and it does well qualify.

Has anyone said to you, "Oh, the missionaries have come home, we do not need to give to Missions?"or Missioary work is ended."? Be ready to tell them at once that some forty Presbyterian Missionaries, both old and new, have gone out in the last few months.These are adventuresome soldiers without inniform carrying the Cross. Only 4-I/2 of the Board'S I6 areas are vitally affected, and 3, Brazil, West China, and India have new ,unexpected openings. In spite of the bombs and the ' take it with or without your consent' policy of the enemy , the Board's property losses are proportionately small. Untouched areas in Afghanistan and in the Mohammedan world call! We have a greater task than ever before.

The picture is far from black. We have seen Christ's power to restrain the forces of evil in Tsingtao and this was true for most of our missioaries, and even in the few striking exceptions, there was 'Grace Sufficient'. We are very grateful and humbl when we know what it might have been. I feel sure that whatever of kindness we had was th direct or indirect result of Christian influence. Just a year ago today when the Japanese mar ines finished searching my rooms, the Japanese interpreter said, "I am very sorry to enter your home in this way."He was a fourth generation Christian. When groups of armed soldiers often stamped rudely and unannounced into the home,I am sure that it was God's power that we were able to treat them with courtesy, and without hatred or fear. We must some how separate the person and the evil and while hating the evil not drag ourselves down to the level of the evil by ceasing to love the suol of the person.

The amazing loyalty of our Chinese friends is another cause for praise. Even in the danger to life itself, they managed to get in , to sent us messages of comfort, gifts of food and even offers of money to carry us thru. War has not changed Christ'S 'Go ye' nor the 'I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS'. The church is carrying on , founded on HIS

1942.

Board sent to printers 2 sent 50 copies.

Presence not the presence of the American missionary.

Fortunately our churches had been organized to function independently of the Mission so they are all now under 14 Chinese ordained pastors whose support is promised locally. Churches wil help the volunteer preaching bands with food and travel. Local primary schools, long independent will carry on. Masseducation schools will have to find a new source for funds formerly from the mission. High Schools ,with the old staffs are under the Japanese. Every Sunday , please remember to pray for the numerous, scattered village groups which will often not have a real leader for their sevice.They will meet for prayer and singing and Bible reading anyway. If none can read the Bible they will repeat memorized parts and that will be their service- but be sure The Master will be there too!

I do not mean that it will be easy withouttestings and sacrifice. There will be hard times ahead but I sincerely believe that,by God's wonderful alchemy, thru your loving prayers and faith , that even this can be made to turn out for good.

Miss Pan and Miss Huo are still going to the villages and planning to open up new waiting places. Since American money cannot reach them and it would only endanger them if it could, they are serving without salary . Some years ago , during her Seminary training, Miss Huo was very ill . At that time both she and Miss Pan promised God to serve several years without pay in gratefulness for Miss Huo's recovery. Thru the years they have been saving looking forward to this time so now they are fulfilling their promise. With the help of some of the churches and the getting food from home , they should be able to carry on for some time.

You may wonder about Paul Pan . He was graduated at Wheaton College in August. Four years , in the face of tremendous language handicap , of untiring effort on Paul's part and of God's wonderful dependability and loving power. . He was called in the May draft but was deferred to graduate. Then the government asked him to work as an analytical chemist in an ammunition plant in Missouri . He in enjoying it very much. Since he was recently rated as a senior chemist , and because of the scarcity of chemists , I imagine that this will be his part in the war effort. One day a stranger, a young negro in the plant, stopped him and said, "I wish that I could be as happy as you are. You always seem to be smiling". "I am happy because I have the Lord Jesus as my Freind and Savoiur.", Paul said. "Oh, I am too much of a sinner " , was his reply. Pual asked that we pray for those to whom he has had a chance to witness.

American leaders are promising food, ecomonic help, and a new freedom on a global scale to all in need. Can the Church withhold that greatest of all offers- Eternal Life? Be sure that there will be numbers of desperately hungry hearts waiting. May we not pray that a miliyary defeat make Japan realixe that the Emperor is not a gad and that they are not god-men. May they not be embittered but open to Christ's love,.China freed from military restraint will have untold openingd and the old ones had only begun to touch the fringe of China's need. May we meet today's call and thus be ready for that greater challenge.

Thank you so much for your prayers. Please continue.

Sincerely, Still your China representative, Irene Forsythe

"Oh, what's the use!
While war and bloodshed still are rife,
So many nations in the strife,
Why risk the missionary's life?"
But Jesus chose the Cross.
Great hospitals and schools are closed,
Our Christian principles opposed,
Black hate and treachery exposed
But- Jesus chose the Cross.

Shame! "What's the use"

"Oh, what's the use!
The church at home has lost its zest
For Missions. Rather is our quest For sooth in thoughts, for peace and rest." But Jesus chose the Cross.
Millions there are who need my Lord.
There are still those who heed my Lord.
I'll follow where you lead, my Lord.
Lead on - Christ of The Cross.

645 Ontario Street
Oak Park, Illinois
December 15, 1943

Dear Friends:

Since the printing and the mailing of this letter has been delayed I'll add a note with later news.

The home with Miss Rumsey has been wonderful and a real blessing although I am not here much. I am so grateful for it. The Furlough Fellowship assignments in the Chicago Area have been most enjoyable. They have taken me for five weeks of Presbytery Zoning in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and now I have just finished a three weeks trip into Iowa. There have been worthwhile experiences in meeting the church groups, women's organizations, Service Clubs and High Schools. These strenuous schedules of travelling to a new place daily, and speaking from once to four times each day, and the fact that I have been able to do it, seem to prove returning health. I am so grateful too for the Master's Presence and for all of you who are praying so faithfully. I depend so on YOU! Thank you. Please continue.

I visited Paul Fan and Joyce on the trip. They are working hard and doing very well. It was a joy to be in their little apartment and see how well they manage. Our Lord surely is preparing them for His work. He wrote of the far western, unevangelized province of Sinkiang just recently returned to Chinese jurisdiction, and of the desire to go there to pioneer should that prove to be God's plan. That is of course a heart's longing - what the future will hold is unknown. Thank you for continued prayer help.

News from the second Gripsholm is that churches in China's occupied areas are carrying on famously. The Tsingtao home is now a Military headquarters for the Japanese. Trucks were loaded with the contents of the mission homes soon after we left. That is a small matter, comparatively. No news of Miss Huo or Miss Fan yet, but I hope later to see a friend who came directly from there.

The Cairo conference brings new hope to weary China. May God work it out for His glory. You saw this news note concerning it? "Probably the earliest riser at the conference was Chiang who got up at 5 A.M. daily, as at home, and prayed half an hour before breakfast...." That gives us real hope for China.

A Blessed Christmas to you all. May Christ be Born in our hearts anew.

"Sympathy is your pain in my heart."

With best wishes,

Irene Forsythe

' I thank God upon every remembrance of you'
Such friends are truly a heart-fragrance.

As I begin another year under the Furlough Fellowship for promotional work in the Central Area, I want to send a personal note to each of you who have been so loyal through the years. I deeply appreciate your part, and this summer's visit to the West Coast, made possible by the sacrificial gifts of my sister and the Woodburn Women's Missionary Society, have given me a grand visit with almost all of you, to whom I belong, except a few in Oregon, and you friends in Teaneck, New Jersey, and Schaller, Iowa. It was delightful. I felt somehow though, that I did not fully express how grateful I am for the share each of you has in this work, - grateful to the officers who actively plan and carry the responsibility, and also for those who might seem to be the more silent hidden pillars. Each one is necessary. Thank you each one, too, for the welcome this summer and the inspiration you were to me.

This year promises to be as busy as the last. One hundred eighty-five places visited, with over three hundred talks seems to be the count since last September. Do you wonder that I need to appeal for much prayer-cooperation? Please tuck me in your heart-of-remembrance and pray!

Paul and Joyce Fan are continuing at the University of Iowa. Joyce has passed her qualifying exams for her Doctor's Degree and Paul is working on his also. He worked on the Iowa Geological Survey this summer. This winter term he continues this, and is also an instructor in Geology laboratory, besides his regular classes. Joyce will be instructor in Chemistry again. Both are well. They are splendid, earnest Christians with hearts set for China when they are prepared.

No letters come from Miss Fan and Miss Huo in occupied Shantung, but I feel sure that they are carrying on among the churches and the untouched villages there. Your prayers will give power and joy to their witness, and ease the days under the enemy yoke.

I am sending a packet describing the 12 new objectives facing us this year. A college for Africa - the first one there -, new pioneer centers to be opened in Free China, and a medical college for India's millions, are a few of them. Who is the volunteer who would enjoy making catchy posters to be displayed in the church and Sunday School, giving the call, perhaps to direct some new love-gift to these thrilling tasks?

As ever, glad to be your missionary, and counting on you,

Gratefully yours,

Irene Forsythe

645 Ontario Street,
Oak Park, Illinois
September 1944

Chicago, Illinois
June 6, 1945

My very dear Friends:

You have been so very important during all of this year. Your loving loyal interest, your supporting gifts, and your daily prayers for me have made the wonderful experiences of this year possible. I'm very grateful. There has been the daily strength for strenuous months, the blessing of the Master's very gracious Presence, and the delight of many new friends who also love and serve Him. And other results? He tabulates them. May we trust that what has been begun in many hearts will truly glorify Him. Reassurance of your continuing interest has often given a heart-lilt. I've depended on your prayers more than you knew.

The year has had such joys. The long list of women's meetings, luncheons, Rotary clubs and church services all seem to have been very special to me. A youth conference in Kansas City in April resulted in a number of very definite decisions - some for foreign service. A conference with Ohio leaders gave rare opportunity for first acquaintance with Dr. Higginbottom. Texas had "unusual" cold rain for most of April presbyterials, but it did not cool the enthusiasm of the Texans. I had my first flood-travel, going through water up to the second step on the only train that went through; that, with an all-night bus ride, got me to my appointments <u>on time</u>.

Truly, I marvel at what Presbyterian women can accomplish when aroused to the understanding of a need. Think of the seventy-five year accomplishment of Presbyterian women - forty-five million in money-gifts and twenty-seven hundred missionaries sent out - and that with a minority only under the burden. What might we not attain if all were giving with this same ability and consecration! What is your "something new" this year?

The future? I'm still planning to return to China when the way opens. Present plans for next year are for me to continue in this promotional work in the Central Area. Last January's Bible-Missionary Conference in Kansas City was so successful that plans are now being made to hold a number of them next Fall and Winter. Several missionaries spend two or three days in one place with a program of Bible expositions and missionary talks covering various fields. These with pictures, displays, etc., give a more intelligible and intensive presentation of our world mission than possible in one address. I enjoyed the team fellowship and more personal touch with the church, so I feel very grateful to have a share in these conferences for next year. Will you please begin now to pray about the personnel, choice of places and preparation for these conferences? Great prayer-preparation was the reason for the success of the one last winter. Take it seriously, <u>please</u>.

Paul, though a Chinese citizen, has been under selective service. He had been deferred according to Chinese government regulations until May when he reported for examination, but was rejected because of a pierced ear drum. He and Joyce are both doing excellent work toward their doctor's degrees. Paul was recently honored by election to Sigma Xi - the Phi Beta Kappa of graduate students. He has taught geology laboratory all year, and of his ten hours for credit, seven had the grade of "A" and three the grade of "B". God is preparing them for the future and preserving their evangelistic zeal and consecration. Are they in your heart of remembrance?

How colossal is the total of human suffering piling up around the world! All of it is the result of evil. Some of it sears men's souls; some, under His golden touch, gives birth to good; some out of this horrible crucible carries a compensation of the Fellowship of the Master's Joy -- that strangest of paradoxes.

I often ponder the verses in Hebrews: that "Christ learned obedience by the things which He suffered" and of Christ being "made perfect through suffering." Might it be that Christ, in being completely human, had to drink to the dregs humanity's cup, because most of us humans just will not learn except by the road of suffering.

That there is a purifying, refining influence that can bring a good out of the bad is such a great comfort and compensation. Someone has pointed out that Christ's only reference to "my joy" and "fullness of joy" were made, strangely enough, as He neared the Cross. Another mystery - fullness of joy in suffering. May the Spirit teach this to any who may be now sipping the cup of suffering. His joy in suffering was to bring others in touch with the Father. Is this the hint of the secret of such sublime joy?

I am writing this from the Presbyterian Hospital where I am undergoing some surgery and tests relating to China illness. All are necessary and preparatory to return to China. The summer will give good recuperative rest. Plans are uncertain. Oak Park address will reach me, however.

God bless each of you and your loved ones. Trust His Love - even if we can't understand.

I am so glad I belong to you.

Gratefully, your missionary,

Irene Forsyth

645 Ontario
Oak Park, Illinois

645 Ontario
Oak Park, Illinois
July 3, 1945

Dear Friends:

I want to pass on the story of one of the navy boys in attendance at Kansas City's Youth Conference. He is back from about two years in the Pacific. He was raised in the church but said he'd only known Christ as a mental concept. In fear, in a foxhole experience he called on God and said, "He heard me and now I really know Him, in heart allegiance." He tells that our American casualties would have been five or six times greater had it not been for the help of the native Christians.

"These people out there are folks just like we are," he added.

He is studying medicine now - wants to take Christ to Japan.

The operation ordeal is over and for the recuperation days ahead time and patience are essential. The suffering was eased so, by the many beautiful flowers, calls of friends, notes and letters, and by the many loving prayers of all. My doctor, brother and Paul came before it and that helped. Miss Rumsey was wonderful in her constant help and loving thoughtfulness and in the way she pulled me through the first hard days and these days of weakness.

The operation was successful and progress seems satisfactory. I am hopeful for full recovery and strength after some restful weeks at a lake in New York, and expect to be back for the full fall schedule. Thank you for your continuing prayers.

Address: Harcourt
Brant Lake
Warren County, New York till the last of August or as usual

645 Ontario
Oak Park, Ill.